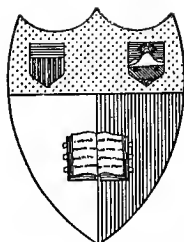


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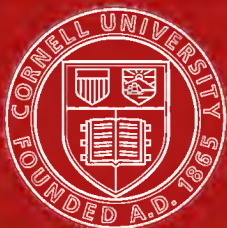
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W. G. Boswell-Stone.



THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

by
William Shakespeare

EDITED BY
W. G. BOSWELL-STONE



NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS
1908

To

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Comedie of Errors.

FOREWORDS.

HAVING started his original dramatic work with a topical play, *Loves Labors Lost*, in which he dealt with the woman-question of his day and introduced the leading French Generals of his time, Shakspeare turned, for a complete change, to two old Latin plays which he may have read when at school, and on their foundation built his second play, wafting his hearers from the green meadows of France to the sea and cities of the East, to Ephesus and Syracuse; from the educational problems of the English Elizabethans, to some of the troubles of family life in ancient Greece.

The metrical evidence proves that *The Errors* follows *Loves Labors Lost*. As I said in the Facsimile Q. 1 of that play, p. xi: "*L.L.L.* has 1028 ryme-lines to 597 blank-verse ones, nearly twice as many, 1 to .58; the *Errors* 380 rymes to 1150 blank, or 1 in 3.02. *L.L.L.* has only 4 per cent. of 11-syllable lines, while the *Errors* has 12.3 per cent. *L.L.L.* has as many as 236 alternate rymes or fours, that is, 1 in 4.78; while the *Errors* has only 64, or 1 in 18 lines. *L.L.L.* has 194 lines of doggerel, or 1 in every 5.3 lines, while the *Errors* has 109, or 1 in every 10.55. *L.L.L.* has only 1 run-on line in 18.14, while the *Errors* has 1 in every 10.7. Further, *L.L.L.* has more Sonnets, and more 8- and 6-line stanzas in the dialogue, than the *Errors*. It is more crowded with word-play, and has far less plot."

The fact that parts of *Loves Labors Lost*, specially the Berowne and Rosalin portions of Acts IV and V, contain better work than the *Errors*, is due to the large revision of *L.L.L.* by Shakspeare, either for the 1597 performance of the play "before her Highnes

Comedie of Errors.

this last Christmas," as the 1598 Quarto says,—see my Forewords to the *L.L.L.* 4to, p. v-ix,—or for the earlier performance of it at Gray's Inn in Dec. 1594,¹ as the 'Gesta Grayorum' tells us: "After such sports a Comedies of Errors (like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*) was played by the players, so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

The story of Plautus's *Menæchmi* is this: a Sicilian merchant of Syracuse has twin boys. The first, *Menæchmus*, he loses at the games at Tarentum, and dies of grief over it. The 2nd twin, *Sosicles*, is renamed *Menæchmus* by his grandfather, and brought up at Syracuse. The stealer of the 1st twin takes him home to *Epidamnus*, adopts him, marries him to a rich wife, and leaves him money. The Syracusan twin (originally *Sosicles*) sets out with his slave to search for his twin-brother. He comes to *Epidamnus*, and is there confused with that brother, who has a jealous wife, and goes to dine "with a courtesan, and who tries to steal the courtesan's mantle and gold bracelet which her maid had given him to get mended. The courtesan and his wife both quarrel with him; he shams mad; a doctor is fetched, and carries him off as a madman. His money has to be got, and is procured from his Syracusan brother. The Syracusan slave explains the confusion, and is freed. A mutual recognition follows. The *Epidamnian* wife, as a punishment for her impertinent jealousy, is to be sold to the highest bidder; and the twin brothers sail off to Syracuse."—*Introd. Leopold Shakspeare*, p. xxii.

Improving this story, Shakspeare keeps the father of the twins alive, shipwrecks and separates him and his wife, doubles the slave, invents the wife's sister and her beautiful young love for the Syracusan twin, makes all the fun of the double *Dromios*, and invests the whole play with the pathos of the father's anxious search for his lost son, and his re-union with him and his long-parted wife, all at last again one family.

¹ See Mrs. Stopes's Letter in the *Athenæum*, 30 April, 1904, p. 570-1, and her article in the Year-book of the German Shakespeare Society, 1896. The *Gesta Grayorum* was published in 1688. 4to. London.

Forewords.

Plautus's comedy *Amphitruo* supplied Shakspeare with hints for his Act III. sc. i, for the twin slaves, and for 'the doubts which the Syracusan Dromio is led to entertain regarding his own identity, II. ii.'—Anders, *Shakspeare's Books*, 33.

There was an earlier play 'The Historie of Error, shoven at Hampton Court on New yeres daie [1576-7] at night, enacted by the children of Powles'—*Variorum* 1821, iii. 387;—and 'A Historie of *Ferrar*' which Dyce &c. proposed to turn into *Error*, was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants before Q. Elizabeth on 6 Jan. 1583; but neither of these is now known. W. W.'s *Menachmi* of 1595 is reprinted in Nichol's *Six Old Plays*. *The Comedie of Errors* was first printed in the First Folio of 1623, and is here edited from that by my late friend and helper, Walter G. Boswell-Stone. The play preserves the three classic unities of time, place, and action, of which the first two are often neglected by Shakspeare.

In the two places cited in Note 1 on p. viii, Mrs. Stopes quotes the first official notice of Shakspeare's name:—

"To William Kempe, William Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Lord Chamberleyn, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv die Marcij 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes, shewed by them before her maiestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz. upon St. Stephens daye [Dec. 26] and Innocentes day [Dec. 28], xiii^h, vi^t, viii^d, and by waie of her Maiesties rewarde, vi^h, xiii^s, iv^d;—in all, xx^h."—Pipe Office, 542.

As the Gray's Inn performance of the *Comedie of Errors* was also on Innocents' day, Dec. 28, Mrs. Stopes suggests that this play was acted by Shakspeare and his fellows in the afternoon at Greenwich before the Queen, that Southampton may have been present at the performance, and may then have ridden with the players to London, given them supper, and taken them to Gray's Inn, of which he was a member, to re-act their play. He "had been admitted to Gray's Inn on February 29, 1587-8, by his guardian Lord Burghley."

As the Gray's Inn play was "like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*," it could not have been W. W[arner]'s englishing of Plautus's Latin comedy, which was enterd to Thomas Creede in the Stationers' Registers on June 10, 1594:—

Comedie of Errors.

10 die Junij

Thomas Creede Enterd for his Copie, vnder th(e h)ande of Master Cawood, a booke entituled Mena(e)chmi, being A pleasant and fine Conceyted Comedye taken oute of the moste excellent wittie Poett Plautus, chosen purposely from out the reste as leaste harmfull and yet moste delightfull.

vj^d C.

—Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 309 (1875).

This book was printed by Creede, and 'sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gracious-streete. 1595.' 4to. 20 leaves.
—F. J. F.

THE PARTS AND NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.¹

(The References are to the first Speeches of the Characters in their Scenes.)

- SOLINUS**, Duke of Ephesus, I.i.3, p. 1; V.i.130, p. 45.
- EGEON**, a merchant of Siracusa, I.i.1, p. 1; V.i.283, p. 49.
- ANTIPHOLUS** of Siracusa, I.ii.9, p. 5; II.ii.1, p. 12; III.ii.29, p. 23; IV.iii.1, p. 33; iv.145, p. 41; V.i.336, p. 51. } twin brothers, and sons to Egeon and Emilia.
- ANTIPHOLUS** of Ephesus, III.i.1, p. 18; IV.i.15, p. 28; iv.1, p. 36; V.i.190, p. 47.
- DROMIO** of Siracusa, I.ii.17, p. 6; II.ii.13, p. 12; III.i.32, p. 19; II.72, p. 25; IV.i.85, p. 30; II.29, p. 32; III.12, p. 34; iv.146, p. 42; V.i.334, p. 51. } twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.
- DROMIO** of Ephesus, I.ii.43, p. 7; II.i.45, p. 10; III.i.11, p. 18; IV.i.21, p. 28; iv.10, p. 37; V.i.276, p. 49.
- BALTHAZAR**, a merchant, III.i.21, p. 19.
- ANGELO**, a goldsmith, III.i.66, p. 21; II.159, p. 27; IV.i.7, p. 28; V.i.1, p. 41.
- First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Siracusa, I.ii.1, p. 5.
- Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor, IV.i.1, p. 28; V.i.4, p. 42.
- Pinch, a schoolmaster, IV.iv.50, p. 38.
- A Taylor, I.i.157, p. 5.
- An Officer (Tailor), IV.i.14, p. 28; iv.19, p. 37.
- A Messenger, servant to Antipholus of Ephesus, V.i.168, p. 46.
- EMILIA**, wife to Egeon, an abbess at Ephesus, V.i.38, p. 43.
- ADRIANA**, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, II.i.1, p. 8; II.109, p. 15; IV.ii.1, p. 31; iv.44, p. 38; V.i.33, p. 48.
- LVOLIANA**, her sister, beloved by Antipholus, of Siracusa, II.i.4, p. 9; II.151, p. 16; III.ii.1, p. 22; IV.ii.7, p. 31; iv.48, p. 38; V.i.87, p. 44.
- LVCE**, servant to Adriana, III.i.48, p. 20.
- A Courtesan, IV.iii.41, p. 35; iv.43, p. 38; V.i.277, p. 49.
- Mutes. Assistants of Pinch, IV.iv. p. 127; and a Headman, V.i. p. 133.
- SOURCES**: Ephesus. *The Duke's Palace*, I.i. pp. 1-5; *The Mart*, I.ii. pp. 5-8; IV.i. pp. 28-31; III. pp. 33-36; 'The Phoenix,' the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, II.i. pp. 8-12; IV. II. pp. 31-33; *Before 'The Phoenix,'* II.ii. pp. 12-18; III.i. pp. 18-22; II. pp. 22-27; *A Street*, IV.iv. pp. 36-41; *A Street before a Priory*, V.i. pp. 41-54.
- TIME**: One Day, ending when 'the Dial points at five.' (See V.i.118, p. 45.)

¹ The . . . Players.] *Jacob and Esau* (A.D. 1568).—Hazlitt's *Dedley*, II. 287.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

‘F’ means the First Folio of 1623. F₂, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare’s).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader’s convenience, as ‘exile,’ &c. When *-ed* final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed *ë*.

The Comedie of Errors

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

A Hall in the Dukes Palace.

Enter SOLINUS, the Duke of Ephesus, with EGEON, the Merchant of Siracusá, a Taylor, and other Attendants.

Egeon.

PROCEED, *Solinus*, to procure my fall,
And, by the doome of death, end woes and all!
Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partiall, to infringe our Lawes : 4
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants, our well-dealing Countrimen, 8
(Who, wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Hane feal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,)
Excludes all pittie from our threatning lookes :
For, since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy feditious Countrimen and vs, 12
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes :
Nay, more : 16
' If any, borne at *Ephesus*, be seene
At any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres', . . .
Againe : ' If any, *Siracusan* borne,
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies, 20
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand marks be leui'd
To quit the penalty, and to ranfome him'.

A Hall . . . Palace.] Malone. | 16-18. *Nay, more: If . . . scene*
1. *Egeon*] Marchant F, afterwards | *At any*] Malone. Nay more, if . . .
Mer. and Merch. | *Ephesus* Be seene at any F.

I B [I. i. 1-23.]

The Comedie of Errors.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,	24
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes ;	
Therefore, by Law, thou art condemn'd to die.	
<i>Ege.</i> Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,	
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne !	28
<i>Duk.</i> Well, <i>Siracusan</i> , say, in briefe, the cause,	
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;	
And for what cause thou cam'st to <i>Ephesus</i> .	
<i>Ege.</i> A heavier taske could not haue beene impos'd,	32
Then I to speake my griefes vnspokeable !	
Yet, that the world may witness that my end	
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,	
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.	36
In <i>Syracusa</i> was I borne ; and wedde	
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,	
And by me, had not our hap beene bad.	
With her I liu'd in ioy ; our wealth increast	40
By prosperous voyages I often made	
To <i>Epidamium</i> ; till my factors death,	
And the great care of goods at randone left,	
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse :	44
From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,	
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder	
The pleasing punishment that women beare)	
Had made provision for her following me,	48
And soone, and safe, arriv'd where I was.	
There had she not beene long, but she became	
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes ;	
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,	52
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.	
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,	
A meaner woman was deliuer'd	
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike :	56
Those, (for their parents were exceeding poore,)	
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.	
My wife, not meanely proud of two such boyes,	
Made daily motions for our home returne :	60

43. <i>the</i>] Theobald. he F.	conj.). meane F.
55. <i>meaner</i>] Delius (S. Walker	

[I. i. 24-60.] 2

The Comedie of Errors.

Vnwillig I agreed; alas! too foone
 Wee came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamium* had we faild,
 Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe 64
 Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
 But longer did we not retaine much hope;
 For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
 Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes 68
 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
 Which, though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 (Weeping before for what she saw must come,) 72
 And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes,
 (That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,)
 Forst me to seeke delays for them and me;
 And this it was: (for other meanes was none:) 76
 The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to vs:
 My wife, more carefull for the latter-borne,¹
 Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast, 80
 Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes;
 To him, one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil't I had beene like heedfull of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I 84
 (Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt)
 Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast;
 And floating freight, obedient to the streame,
 Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought. 88
 At length the sonne, gazing vpon the earth,
 Dispers't those vapours that offended vs;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas waxt calme, and we discover'd 92
 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs;
 (Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;)
 But ere they came, . . . oh, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequell by that went before. 96
Duk. Nay, forward, old man! doe not breake off so;

61, 62. So Pope. One line in F. | 94. *Epidaurus*] Epidarus F.
¹ *elder-*] Rowe. See l. 125.

The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.
Ege. Oh! had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to vs! 100
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice fīue leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rocke;
 Which, being violently borne vpon,
 Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midft; 104
 So that, in this vniust diuorce of vs,
 Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poore soule! (seeming as burdened 108
 With lesfer waight, but not with lesfer woe)
 Was carried with more speed before the winde;
 And, in our sight, they three were taken vp
 By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought. 112
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on vs,
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
 Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests;
 And would haue rest the Fishers of their prey, 116
 Had not their barcke beene very slow of saile;
 And therefore, homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse;
 That, by misfortunes, was my life prolong'd, 120
 To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
 What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now. 124
Ege. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteene yeeres became inquisitiue
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant (so his case was like, 128
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
 Might beare him company in the quest of him:
 Whom, whil't I laboured of a loue to see,
 I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd. 132
 Fīue Sommers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
 Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,

103. *vpon*] Pope. vp F.

117. *barcke*] backe F.

I. i. 98-134.]

124. *hath . . . thee*] F2. haue . . .
 | they F.

The Comedie of Errors.

And, coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* ;
 Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnfought, 136
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But heere must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I, in my timelie death,
 Could all my trauels warrant me they liue ! 140
Duke. Hopelesse *Egeon*, whom the Fates haue markt
 To beare the extremitie of dire mishap !
 Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
 Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity, 144
 (Which Princes, would they, may not difanull,)
 My soule should sue as aduocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adiudg'd to the death,
 And pass'd sentence may not be recal'd, 148
 (But to our honours great disparagement,)
 Yet will I fauour thee in what I can.
 Therefore, Marchant, Ile limit thee this day,
 To seeke thy helpe by beneficial helpe : 152
 Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus* ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
 And liue ! if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 ¶ *Iaylor*, take him to thy custodie ! 156
Iaylor. I will, my Lord.
Ege. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
 But to procrastinate his liuelesse end ! [Exeunt. 159

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

The Mart.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS EROTUS of Siracuse, a Marchant,
 and DROMIO of Siracuse.*

I Mer. Therefore, giue out, you are of *Epidamium*,
 Left that your goods too soone be confiscate.
 This very day, a *Syracufian* Marchant
 Is apprehended for a riuall here ; 4
 And, not being able to buy out his life,

153. *Egeon*] F2. Egean F.
The Mart.] Camb. Edd.
Antipholus] Antipholis. F. Ero-
 tes, 'a lover,' is bad Greek Latin-
 5 | ized.—E.D.S. *Erraticus* Steevens
 conj.
 1. *I Mer.*] Mer. (24, 32 E. Mar.) F.
 4. *arriual*] F2. a riuall F.
 [I. i. 135-159; ii. 1-5.

The Comedie of Errors.

According to the statute of the towne, Dies, ere the wearie funne fet in the West.	8
There is your monie that I had to keepe. <i>S. Ant.</i> [<i>to S. DR0.</i>] Goe beare it to the <i>Centaure</i> , where we hoft,	8
And stay there, <i>Dromio</i> , till I come to thee! Within this houre it will be dinner time :	12
Till that, Ile view the manners of the towne, Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings, And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne; For, with long trauaile, I am stiffe and wearie. Get thee away!	16
<i>S. Dro.</i> Many a man would take you at your word, And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane. [<i>Exit DROMIO.</i>]	
<i>S. Ant.</i> A trustie villaine, fir! that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholly, Lightens my humour with his merry iests.	20
What, will you walke with me about the towne, And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?	
<i>I Mar.</i> I am inuited, fir, to certaine Marchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit :	24
I craue your pardon. Soone at fise a clocke, Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart, And afterward confort you till bed time.	28
My present businesse cals me from you now. <i>S. Ant.</i> Farewell till then! I will goe loose my selfe, And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.	31
<i>I Mar.</i> Sir, I commend you to your owne content! [<i>Exit.</i>]	
<i>S. Ant.</i> He that commends me to mine owne content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I, to the world, am like a drop of water, That in the Ocean seekes another drop, Who, falling there to finde his fellow forth, (Vnseene, inquisitiue,) confounds himselfe. So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother, In quest of them (vnhappie!) loose my selfe.	40

9. Prefixes *S.* and *E.* in sans serif
type, when omitted in the original
text.

32. *Exit.*] Exeunt. F.
40. *vnhappie*] vnhappie a F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date!
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone?
E. Dro. 'Return'd so soone!' rather, approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit; 44
The clocke hath strucken twelue vpon the bell;
My Miftris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot, because the meate is colde;
The meate is colde, because you come not home; 48
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke;
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day. 52
S. Ant. Stop in your winde, fir! tell me this, I pray:
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
E. Dro. Oh, —— fixe pence that I had a Wensday last.
To pay the Sadler for my Miftris crupper? 56
The Sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
S. Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust 60
So great a charge from thine owne custodie?
E. Dro. I pray you iest, fir, as you sit at dinner:
I, from my Miftris, come to you in post;
If I returne, I shall be 'post' indeede, 64
For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate.
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your clocke,
And strike you home without a messenger. 67
S. Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come! these iests are out of season!
Referue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, fir? why, you gaue no 'gold' to me! 71
S. Ant. Come on, fir knaue! haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My 'charge' was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, fir, to dinner:
My Miftris and her sifter staies for you. 76
S. Ant. Now, as I am a Christian! answer me,

The Comedie of Errors.

In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie ;
 Or I shall breake that merrie s'conce of yours,
 That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd : 80
 Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me ?

E. Dro. I haue some 'markes' of yours vpon my pate ;
 Some of my Mistris 'markes' vpon my shoulders ;
 But not a 'thousand markes' betweene you both. 84
 If I should pay your worship those againe,
 Perchance you will not beare them patiently. [thou ?

S. Ant. Thy 'Mistris markes' ? what 'Mistris,' slaue ! hast

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my 'Mistris' at the *Phoenix* ;
 She that doth fast till you come home to dinner, 89
 And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

S. Ant. What ! wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face,
 Being forbid ? There ! take you that, sir knaue ! [*Strikes him.*

E. Dro. What meane you, sir ? for God sake, hold your
 Nay, and you will not, sir, Ile take my heeles. [hands !

[*Exit DROMIO of Ephesus.*

S. Ant. Vpon my life, by some deuise or other, 95
 The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie !

They say, this towne is full of cofenage :
 As, nimble Iuglers, that deceiue the eie ;
 Darke-working Sorcerers, that change the minde ;
 Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie ; 100
 Disguis'd Cheaters ; prating Mountebankes ;
 And manie such like liberties of sinne :
 If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner.
 Ile to the *Centaur*, to goe seeke this slaue,
 I greatly feare my monie is not safe. 104
 [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

'*The Phoenix,*' the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA, wife to ANTIPHOLUS SURREPTUS of Ephesus,
with LUCIANA her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master !

94. *Exit* . . . *Ephesus.*] Exeunt | *Antipholus*] Antipholis F.
 Dromio Ep. F. | *Surreptus*] Steevens conj. Se-
The House . . . *Ephesus.*] Pope. | reptus F.
 [I. ii. 78-105 ; II. i. 1, 2] 8

The Comedie of Errors.

Sure, <i>Luciana</i> , it is two a clocke.	
<i>Luc.</i> Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him ;	4
And, from the Mart, he's fomewhere gone to dinner.	
Good Sifter, let vs dine, and neuer fret !	
A man is Master of his libertie :	
Time is their Master ; and, when they see time,	8
They'll goe or come : if so, be patient, Sifter !	
<i>Adr.</i> Why should their libertie, then ours, be more ?	
<i>Luc.</i> Because their businesse still lies out adore.	11
<i>Adr.</i> Looke, when I serue him so, he takes it thus.	
	<i>[Frowns & stamps.</i>
<i>Luc.</i> Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.	13
<i>Adr.</i> There's none but asses will be bridled so !	
<i>Luc.</i> Why, headstrong liberty is last with woe.	15
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,	
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in skie :	17
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles	
Are their males subiects, and at their controules :	19
Men, more diuine, the Masters of all these,	
Lords of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,	21
Indued with intellectuall sence and foules,	
Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,	23
Are masters to their females, and their Lords :	
Then let your will attend on their accords.	25
<i>Adri.</i> This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.	
<i>Luci.</i> Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.	27
<i>Adr.</i> But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway.	
<i>Luc.</i> Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.	29
<i>Adr.</i> How if your husband start some other where ?	
<i>Luc.</i> Till he come home againe, I would forbear.	31
<i>Adr.</i> Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she pause ;	
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause !	33
A wretched foule, bruis'd with aduersitie,	
We hid be quiet, when we heare it crie ;	35
But, were we burnd with like waight of paine,	
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine :	37
So thou, that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,	
With vrging helpelesse patience, would releue me ;	39

20, 21. *Men . . . Masters . . . Lords*] Hammer. *Man . . . Master . . . Lord F.*

The Comedie of Errors.

But, if thou line to see like right bereft,
 This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left! 41
Luci. Well, I will marry one day, but to trie.—
 Heere comes your man! now is your husband nie! 43

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardie mafter now at hand? 44
E. Dro. Nay, hee's at two 'hands' with mee, and that my
 two eares can witneffe. [minde?

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his
E. Dro. I, I, he told 'his minde' vpon mine eare: 48
 Beshrew his hand! I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his
 meaning? 51

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well 'feele'
 his blowes! and withall 'fo doubtfully', that I could scarce
 vnderstand them.

Adri. But, say, I prethee, is he comming home?
 It seemes he hath great care to please his wife! 56

E. Dro. Why, Mistrresse, fure my Mafter is horne mad.

Adri. 'Horne mad,' thou villaine!

E. Dro. I meane not Cnckold mad;
 But, fure, he is starke mad.
 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60

He ask'd me for a hundred markes¹ in gold:
 'Tis dinner time,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:
 'Your meat doth burne,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:
 'Will you come home,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he: 64
 'Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee, villaine?'
 'The Pigge,' quoth I, 'is burn'd'; 'my gold!' quoth he:
 'My mistrresse, sir,' quoth I; 'hang vp thy Mistrresse!
 I know not thy mistrresse; out on thy mistrresse!' 68

Luci. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Mafter:
 'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistrresse!'
 So that my arrant, due vnto my tongue, 72
 (I thanke him,) I bare home vpon my shoulders;

45. two] too F.

¹ A thousand markes] F4. See | I. ii. 81, 84; II. i. 65; III. i. 8.

64. home] Hamner.

The Comedie of Errors.

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home!

Dro. 'Goe backe againe', and be new beaten 'homè'? 76
For Gods sake, fend some other messenger!

Adri. Backe, slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse!

Dro. And he will blesse *that* 'crosse' with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head. 80

Adri. Hence, prating pesant! fetch thy Master home!

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a foot-ball, you doe spurne me thus?
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither: 84
If I last in this seruice, you must cafe me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luci. Fie! how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adri. His company must do his minions grace, 87
Whil'ft I at home starue for a merrie looke!

Hath homelie age, th' alluring beauty tooke 89
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourfes dull? Barren my wit? 91

If voluble and sharpe discourfe be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard. 93

Doe their gay vestments, his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state. 95

What ruines are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground 97

Of my defeatures: My decay'd faire,
A funnie looke of his would soone repaire. 99

But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home! poore I, am but his stale! 101

Luci. Selfe-harming Iealoufie! fie, beat it hence!

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence! 103

I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here? 105

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine;
Would that alone, alone he would detaine, 107

So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed!
I see the Iewell best enamal'd 109

Will loofe his beautie; (yet the gold bides still

85. *Exit.*] F2.

107. *alone, alone*] F2. alone, a loue F.

The Comedie of Errors.

That others touch;) and often touching will 111
 Weare gold: and no man that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it fhamē: 113
 Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 He weepe (what's left) away, and weeping, die! 115
Luci. How manie fond fooles ferue mad Ieloufie! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS EROTES of Siracuse.

S. Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio*, is laid vp
 Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedfull flauē
 Is wandred forth, in care to seeke me out.
 By computation, and mine hoffs report, 4
 I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the Mart. See, here he comes!

Enter DROMIO of Siracusia.

How now, fir! is your merrie humor alter'd?
 As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe. 8
 'You know no *Centaur*'? 'you receiu'd no gold'?
 'Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner'?
 'My house was at the *Phoenix*'? Waft thou mad,
 That thus so madlie thou didst answere me? 12
S. Dro. What 'answer', fir? when spake I such a word?
S. Ant. Euen now! euen here! not halfe an howre since!
S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gaue me. 16
S. Ant. Villaine! thou didst denie 'the golds' receipt,
 And toldst me of a 'Mistresse', and a 'dinner';
 For which, I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine: 20
 What meanes this iest? I pray you, Master, tell me!

112. *Weare*] Theobald (Warbur- | *Antipholus Erotas*] Antipholis
 ton). Where F. | Erotis F.
 116. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F. | 12. *didst*] did didst F.
 | 14. *S. Ant.*] E. Ant. F.

The Comedie of Errors.

- S. Ant.* Yea! dost thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I iest? hold! take thou that, & that! [*Beats Dro.*]
- S. Dr.* Hold, fir! for Gods sake! now your iest is earnest:
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me? 25
- S. Antiph.* Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue, 28
And make a Common of my ferious howres!
When the funne shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames.
If you will iest with me, know my aspeéct, 32
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
- S. Dro.* 'Sconce' call you it? so you would leaue batter-
ing, I had rather haue it a head: and you vse these blows
long, I must get a 'sconce' for my head, and 'Insconce' it too;
or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, fir,
why am I beaten? 39
- S. Ant.* Dost thou not know?
- S. Dro.* Nothing, fir, but that I am beaten.
- S. Ant.* Shall I tell you why? 42
- S. Dro.* I, fir, and wherefore; for they say, 'euery why
hath a wherefore.' [fore':
- S. Ant.* 'Why,' first: for flowting me; and then, 'where-
For vrging it the second time to me. 46
- S. Dro.* Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of
season, [reason?
- When, in the 'why' and the 'wherefore', is neither rime nor
Well, fir, I thanke you!
- S. Ant.* 'Thanke' me, fir! for what? 50
- S. Dro.* Marry, fir, for this something that you gaue me
for nothing.
- S. Ant.* Ile make you amends next, to giue you 'nothing'
for 'something'. But say, fir, is it dinner time? 54
- S. Dro.* No, fir! I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
- S. Ant.* In good time, fir; what's that?
- S. Dro.* Basting.
- S. Ant.* Well, fir, then 'twill be drie. 58

The Comedie of Errors.

- S. Dro.* If it be, fir, I pray you, eat none of it.
S. Ant. Your reason!
S. Dro. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me
another drie basting. 62
S. Ant. Well, fir, learne to left in good time! 'there's a
time for all things.'
S. Dro. I durft haue denied that, before you vvere so
chollericke. 66
S. Anti. By what rule, fir?
S. Dro. Marry, fir, by a 'rule' as plaine as the plaine bald
pate of Father Time himfelfe.
S. Ant. Let's heare it! 70
S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire,
that growes bald by nature.
S. Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie? 73
S. Dro. Yes, to pay a 'fine' for a perewig, and 'recouer'
the loft haire of another man.
S. Ant. Why is Time fuch a niggard of haire, being (as
it is) so plentifull an excrement? 77
S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
beasts; and what he hath scanted **men** in haire, hee hath
giuen them in wit.
S. Ant. Why, but there's manie a man hath 'more haire
then wit.' 82
S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the 'wit' to lose
his 'haire'.
S. Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plaine deal-
ers without wit. 86
S. Dro. The 'plainer dealer', the sooner lost; yet he loofeth
it in a kinde of iollitie.
S. An. For what reason?
S. Dro. For two; and found ones too. 90
S. An. Nay, not 'found', I pray you!
S. Dro. Sure ones, then.
S. An. Nay, not 'sure', in a thing falsing.
S. Dro. Certaine ones, then. 94
S. An. Name them!

79. *men*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). them F.
90. *too*] to F.

The Comedie of Errors.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage. 98

S. An. You would all this time have prou'd, 'there is no time for all things.'

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in 'no time' to recover haire lost by Nature. 102

S. An. But your reason was not substantiall, why 'there is no time to recover.'

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore, to the worlds end, will have bald followers. 106

S. An. I knew 'twould be a 'bald' conclusion:
But soft! who wafts vs yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange, and frowne!
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects! 110
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife!
The time was once, when thou (vn-vrg'd) wouldst vow,
That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
That neuer object pleasing in thine eye, 114
That neuer touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband? oh! how comes it? 118
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
'Thy selfe' I call it, being strange to me,
That, Vndiuidable, Incorporate,
Am better then thy deere selves better part. 122
Ah! doe not teare away thy selfe from me!
For know, my Loue, as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmixed thence that drop againe, 126
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How deereley would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare, I were licencious, 130
And that this body, consecrate to thee,

The Comedie of Errors.

By Ruffian Luft should be contaminate!
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me?
 And hurle the name of husband in my face, 134
 And teare the stain'd skin off my Harlot-brow,
 And, from my false hand, cut the wedding-ring,
 And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore see thou doe it! 138
 I am possest with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh, 142
 Being frumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keepe, then, faire league and truce with thy true bed!
 I liue vnstain'd, thou vudishonour'd. 145
S. Antip. Plead you to me, faire dame? I know you not:
 In *Ephesus*, I am but two houres old,
 As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke;
 Who (euery word, by all my wit being scan'd)
 Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand. 150
Luci. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
 When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
 She sent for you, by *Dromio*, home to dinner.
S. Ant. 'By *Dromio*'? 154
S. Drom. By me?
Adr. By thee! and this thou didst returne from him:
 That he did buffet thee, and, in his blowes,
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 158
S. Ant. Did you conuerse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I! sir? I neuer saw her till this time! 161
S. Ant. Villaine! thou liest! for euen her verie words,
 Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life!
S. Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names,
 Vnlesse it be by inspiration? 166
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
 To counterfeit thus grosely with your slauie,

135. *off*] Hanmer. of F.

145. *vnstain'd*] Hanmer (Theobald conj.). distain d F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Abetting him to thwart me in my moode!	169
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt;	
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt!	171
Come, I will fasten on this fleene of thine:	
Thou art an Elme, my husband; I a Vine,	173
Whose weaknesse, married to thy stronger state,	
Makes me, with thy strength, to communicate:	175
If ought possesse thee from me, it is droffe,	
Vfurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mofse;	177
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion	
Infect thy sap, and line on thy confusion.	179
<i>S. Ant.</i> [<i>aside</i>] To mee shee speakes! shee moues mee for her theame!	
What! was I married to her in my dreame?	181
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?	
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?	183
Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,	
Ile entertaine the offred fallacie.	185
<i>Luc.</i> <i>Dromio</i> , goe bid the seruants spered for dinner!	
<i>S. Dro.</i> [<i>aside</i>] Oh, for my beads! I crosse me for a sinner.	
This is the Fairie land: oh, spight of spights!	
We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Sprights;	189
If we obay them not, this will infue:	
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.	191
<i>Luc.</i> Why prat'ft thou to thy selfe, and answer'ft not?	
<i>Dromio!</i> thou <i>Dromio!</i> thou Snaile! thou Slug! thou Sot!	
<i>S. Dro.</i> I am transform'd, Master, am I not?	194
<i>S. Ant.</i> I thinke thou art, in minde, and so am I.	
<i>S. Dro.</i> Nay, Master, both 'in minde,' and in my shape.	
<i>S. Ant.</i> Thou hast thine owne forme.	
<i>S. Dro.</i> No, I am an Ape.	197
<i>Luc.</i> If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.	
<i>S. Dro.</i> 'Tis true! she rides me, and I long for graffe.	199
'Tis so, I am an Affe; else it could neuer be,	
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.	201
<i>Adr.</i> Come, come! no longer will I be a foole, To put the finger in the eie and weepe,	

174. *stronger*] F 4. stranger F. 180. *aside*] Capell.

185. *offred*] Capell. free'd F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Whil'ft man and Maffer laughs my woes to fcorne.	204
Come, fir, to dinner! ¶ <i>Dromio</i> , keepe the gate!	
¶ Hufband, Ile dine aboue with you to day, And fhriue you of a thoufand idle prankes.	
¶ <i>Sirra</i> , if any afke you for your Maffer,	208
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.	
¶ Come, fifter! ¶ <i>Dromio</i> , play the Porter well!	
<i>S. Ant.</i> [<i>afide</i>] Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?	211
Sleeping or waking? mad or well aduifde?	
Knowne vnto thefe, and to my felfe difguifde?	213
Ile fay as they fay, and perféuer fo,	
And, in this mift, at all aduentures go.	215
<i>S. Dro.</i> Maffer! fhall I be Porter at the gate?	
<i>Adr.</i> I; and let none enter, leaft I breake your pate!	
<i>Luc.</i> Come, come, <i>Antipholus</i> , we dine too late!	218

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Before the Houfe of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, his man DROMIO, ANGELO the Goldfmith, and BALTHASER the Merchant.

<i>E. Anti.</i> Good fignior <i>Angelo</i> , you muft excufe vs all; My wife is fhrewifh when I keepe not howres: Say, that I lingerd with you at your fhop, To fee the making of her Carkanet,	4
And that to morrow you will bring it home.	[downe,
But here's a villaine, [<i>points to E. DRO.</i>] that would face me He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thoufand markes in gold,	8
And that I did denie my wife and houfe! ¶ Thou drunkard, thou! what didft thou meane by this?	
<i>E. Dro.</i> Say what you wil, fir, but I know what I know: That you beat me at the Mart, I haue your hand to fhew: If y ^e skin were parchment, & y ^e blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.	14
<i>E. Ant.</i> I thinke thou art an affe!	
<i>E. Dro.</i> Marry, fo it doth appeare	

211. *afide*] Capell.

218. *too*] to F.

II. ii. 204-218; III. i. 1-15.] 18

The Comedie of Errors.

- By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare. 16
I should kicke, being kickt; and, being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an affe. 18
E. An. Y'are sad, signior *Balthazar!* pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here! 20
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, & your welcome dear.
E. An. Oh, signior *Balthazar,* either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish. 23
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl affords.
E. Anti. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words. 25
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merrier feast.
E. Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better hart. 29
But, soft! my doore is lockt. ¶ Goe bid them let vs in!
E. Dro. *Maud! Briget! Marian! Cistey! Gillian! Ginn!*
S. Dro. [*within*] *Mome! Malthorse! Capon! Coxcombe!*
Idiot! Patch!
Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch: 33
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that *thou* calst for such store,
When one is one too many? goe get thee from the doore! 35
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master staves
in the street.
S. Dro. [*within*] Let him walke from whence he came,
lest hee catch cold on's feet. 37
E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho! open the doore!
S. Dro. [*within*] Right, sir! Ile tell you when, and you'll
tell me wherefore. 39 [to day.
E. Ant. 'Wherefore?' for my dinner! I have not din'd
S. Dro. [*within*] Nor to day, here you must not; come
again when you may. 41
E. Anti. What art thou, that keep'st mee out from the
howse I owe?
S. Dro. [*within*] The Porter for this time, Sir, and my
name is *Dromio.* 43
E. Dro. O villaine! thou hast stolne both mine office and
my name!

The Comedie of Errors.

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: 45
 If thou hadst beene *Dromio*, to day in my place,
 Thou wouldest haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name
 for an affe. 47
Luce. [*within*] What a coile is there! *Dromio* ' who are
 those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Master in, *Luce*!
Luce. [*within*] Faith, no! hee comes too late; 49
 And so tell your 'Master.'
E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh!
 Haue at you with a Prouerbe, 'Shall I fet in my staffe.' 51
Luce. [*within*] Haue at you with another, that's, 'When?
 can you tell?'
S. Dro. [*within*] If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*, thou
 hast answer'd him well. 53
E. Anti. Doe you heare, you minion? you'll let vs in, I hope!
Luce. [*within*] I thought to haue askt you.
S. Dro. [*within*] And you said 'no.'
E. Dro. So, come, helpe! well strooke! there was blow
 for blow. 56
E. Anti. Thou baggage, let me in!
Luce. [*within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard!
Luce. [*within*] Let him 'knocke' till it ake. 58
E. Anti. You'll crie for this, minion, if I beat the doore
 downe!
Luce. [*within*] What needs all that, and a paire of stocks
 in the towne? 60
Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the doore, *that* keeps all this
 noife?
S. Dro. [*within*] By my troth, your towne is troubled with
 vnruely boies. 62
E. Anti. Are you there, Wife? you might haue come before.
Adri. [*within*] Your 'wife,' fir knaue! go get you from the
 dore!
E. Dro. If you went in paine, Master, this 'knaue' wold
 goe fore. 65

48. *within*] Enter *Luce*. F (after line 47).

61. *within*] Enter *Adriana*. F (after line 60).

The Comedie of Errors.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere, fir, nor welcome: we would
faine haue either. [neither.]

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with
E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master; bid them wel-
come hither! 68 [get in.]

E. Anti. There is 'something in the winde', that we cannot
E. Dro. You would say so, Master, if your garments were
thin. 70 [*Touches his clothes.*]

Your cake there is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke, to be so 'bought and sold.'

E. Ant. Go fetch me something! Ile break ope the gate!

S. Dro. [*within*] 'Breake' any breaking here, and Ile
'breake' your knaues pate! 74

E. Dro. A man may 'breake' a word with you, fir; (and
words are but winde;)

I, and 'breake' it in your face, so he 'break' it not behinde.

S. Dro. [*within*] It seemes thou want'st breaking: out
vpon thee, hinde! 77 [me in!]

E. Dro. Here's too much 'out vpon thee!' pray thee, let

S. Dro. [*within*] I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish
haue no fin. 79

E. Ant. Well, Ile break in! go borrow me a crow!

E. Dro. 'A crow' without feather? Master, meane you so?
For 'a fish without a finne,' ther's a fowle without a fether:
¶ If a crow help vs in, firra, wee'll 'plucke a crow together.'

E. Ant. Go, get thee gon! fetch me an iron Crow!

Balth. Haue patience, fir! oh, let it not be so! 85

Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.

This once, your long experience of her wisedome, 89
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on her part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse,
Why, at this time, the dores are made against you. 93
Be rul'd by me! depart in patience,
And let vs to the *Tyger*, all, to dinner;

71. *there*] Anon. conj. here F. | this F.

75. *you.*] your F.

89. *This once*] Anon. conj. Once

89. *her*] Rowe. your F.

91. *her*] Rowe. your F.

The Comedie of Errors.

And, about eueuing, come your selfe alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint. 97
 If, by strong hand, you offer to breake in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rowt 101
 Against your yet vngall'd estimation,
 That may with foule intrusion enter in,
 And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
 For slander lines vpon successiōn, 105
 For euer how' d, where't gets possessiōn.

E. Anti. You haue preuail'd: I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despight of mirth, meane to be merrie.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse, 109
 Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet, too, gentle:
 There will we dine. This woman that I meane,
 My wife (but I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall: 113
 To her will we to dinner. [*To ANG.*] Get you home,
 And fetch the chaine; by this I know 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porpentine*;
 For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow 117
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
 Vpon mine hostesse there: good sir, make haste!
 Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
 Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdain me. 121

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
E. Anti. Do so! This iest shall cost me some expence. 123
 [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter LUCIANA, with ANTIPHOLUS of Siracusia.

Lucia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot 1
 A husbands office? shall, *Antipholus*,
 Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?

106. *where't*] where it F. *Luciana*] Fz. Iuliana F.

1. *Lucia*] Luc. Rowe. Iulia F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Shall Loue, in building, grow so ruinate?	4
If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,	5
Then, for her wealths-fake, vse her with more kindnesse!	
Or, if you like else-where, doe it by stealth;	
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:	8
Let not my sifter read it in your eye;	9
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator;	
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie;	
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger;	12
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted;	13
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint!	
Be secret-false! What need she be acquainted?	
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaint?	16
Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,	17
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:	
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managèd;	
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word.	20
Alas, poore women! make vs but beleuee	21
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs;	
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue;	
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.	24
Then, gentle brother, get you in againe;	25
Comfort my sifter, cheere her, call her wife!	
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vaine,	27
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.	[not,
S. <i>Anti.</i> Sweete Miftris! (what your name is else, I know	
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)	
Lesse, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,	
Then our earths wonder! more then earth, diuine!	32
Teach me, deere creature, how to thinke and speake!	33
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit	
(Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weake)	
The fouled meaning of your words deceit!	36
Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,	37
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?	
Are you a god? would you create me new?	

4. *building*] Theobald. build-ings F.

4. So F.] *ruinous* Capell (Theobald conj.). The sole reason for

emending *ruinate* is that it breaks the sequence of 13 consecutive fours.

16. *attaint*] Rowe. attaine F.

21. *but*] Theobald. not F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Transforme me, then! and to your powre Ile yeeld.	40
But if that I am I, then well I know,	41
Your weeping fister is no wife of mine,	
Nor to her bed, no homage doe I owe :	
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline!	44
Oh, traîne me not, sweet Mermaide, with thy note,	45
To drowne me in thy fisters floud of teares!	
Sing, Siren, for thy selfe! and I will dote;	
Spread ore the filuer waues thy golden haïres!	48
And as a bed Ile take them, and there lie;	49
And, in that glorious supposition, thinke,	
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die :	
Let Loue, being light, be drownèd if she finke!	52
<i>Luc.</i> What! are you mad, that you doe reason so?	
<i>S. Ant.</i> Not 'mad,' but mated; how, I doe not know.	54
<i>Luc.</i> It is a fault that springeth from your eie.	
<i>S. Ant.</i> For gazing on your beames, faire sun, being by!	56
<i>Luc.</i> Gaze where you should, and that will cleere your sight.	
<i>S. Ant.</i> As good to winke, sweet loue, as looke on night!	58
<i>Luc.</i> Why call you me 'loue'? Call my fister so!	
<i>S. Ant.</i> Thy fisters 'fister.'	
<i>Luc.</i> That's my fister.	
<i>S. Ant.</i> No;	60
It is thy selfe! mine owne selfes better part!	
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart!	62
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime!	
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime!	64
<i>Luc.</i> All this my fister is, or else should be.	
<i>S. Ant.</i> Call thy selfe 'fister', sweet! for I am thee.	66
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life!	
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.	68
Giue me thy hand!	
<i>Luc.</i> Oh, soft, fir! hold you still!	
Ile fetch my fister, to get her good will.	[Exit. 70

Enter DROMIO of Siracusia.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*! where run'ft thou so fast?

46. *sisters*] F2. sister F.

49. *bed*] F2. bud F.

49. *them*] Capell (Edwardsconj.).

thee F.

57. *where*] Pope. when F.

The Comedie of Errors.

S. Dro. Doe you know me, fir? Am I 'Dromio'? Am I your man? Am I my felfe? 73

S. Anti. Thou art 'Dromio,' thou art my 'man,' thou art 'thy felfe.'

S. Dro. I am an affe! I am a womans man! and besides my felfe! 77

S. Anti. What 'womans man'? and how 'besides thy felfe'?

S. Dro. Marrie, fir, 'besides my felfe,' I am due to a woma: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

S. Anti. What 'claime' laies she to thee? 82

S. Dro. Marry, fir, fuch 'claime' as you would lay to your horfe; and she would haue me as a beaft: not that, I beeing a beaft, she would haue me; but that she, being a verie beaftly creature, layes claime to me. 86

S. Anti. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reuerent body: I, fuch a one as a man may not speake of, without he fay 'fir-reuerence!' I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage. 91

S. Anti. How doft thou meane 'a fat marriage'?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, she's the Kitchin Wench, & al greafe; and I know not what vse to put her to, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland Winter*: If she liues till doomesday, she 'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World. 98

S. Anti. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoo; but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why she sweats: a man may goe ouer-shoes in the grime of it. 102

S. Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, fir, 'tis in graine! *Noahs flood* could not do it.

S. Anti. What's her name? 105

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir: but her name and three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meafure her from hip to hip.

S. Anti. Then she beares some bredth? 108

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe

94. *to*] too F.

106. *and*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). is F.

The Comedie of Errors.

to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe; I could find out Countries in her. 111

S. Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, in her buttockes: I found it out by the bogges.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*? 115

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenesse; hard, in the palme of the hand.

S. Ant. Where *France*? 118

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reuerted, making warre against her heire.²

S. Ant. Where *England*? 121

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I gueffe, it stood in her chin, by the falt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spaine*? 125

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breth.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*? 127

S. Dro. Oh, fir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects¹ to be ballast at her nose. 131

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, I did not looke so low. To conclude: this drudge or Diuiner, layd claime to me; call'd mee *Dromio*; swore I was affur'd to her; told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as, the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I, amaz'd, ranne from her as a witch. 138

And, I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele,

She had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele. 140

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the rode!

And if the winde blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this Towne to night:

122. *chalkie*] chalkle F.

¹ 'Carraca, a great ship of Spaine called a *carract*.'—Percivale's (Minsheu's) *Span. Dict.*,

1623.

² Henry of Navarre (with a play upon *hair*).

The Comedie of Errors.

If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart, 144
 Where I will walke till thou returne to me.
 If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
 'Tis time, I thinke, to trudge, packe, and be gone. 147
S. Dro. As from a Beare, a man would run for life,
 So fie I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.* 149
S. Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere;
 And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence.
 She that doth call me 'husband,' euen my foule 152
 Doth, for a wife, abhorre! But her faire sifter
 (Possëst with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse)
 Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: 156
 But, leaft my selfe be guilty to selfe-wrong,
 Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song. 158

Enter ANGELO with the Chaine.

Ang. Master Antipholus! . . .

S. Anti. I, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, fir! loe, here's the chaine!

[*S. ANTI.* takes it.

I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine* :
 The chaine vnfinish'd, made me stay thus long. 162
S. Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?
Ang. What please your selfe, fir! I haue made it for you.
S. Anti. 'Made it for me,' fir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue! 166
 Go home with it, and please your Wife withall;
 And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
 And then receiue my money for the chaine.
S. Anti. I pray you, fir, receiue the 'money' now, 170
 For feare you ne're see 'chaine,' nor 'mony,' more.
Ang. You are a merry man, fir: fare you well! [*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell: 173
 But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
 That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. 175
 I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
 When in the ftreets he meetes such Golden gifts. 177
 Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
 If any ship put out, then straight away! [*Exit.* 179

[*III.* ii. 144-179.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

The Mart.

Enter a Second Merchant, ANGELO the Goldsmith, and an Officer.

2 Mar. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much impörtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perfia*, and want Gilders for my voyage: 4
Therefore make present satisfactiön,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*; 8
And, in the infant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaîne: at five a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same.
Pleaseth you, walke with me downe to his house; 12
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus,
from the Courtizans.*

Off. That labour, may you saue: See where he comes!

E. Ant. [*to E. DRO.*] While I go to the Goldsmiths house,
go thou,
And buy a ropes end! that will I bestow 16
Among my wife, and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day.
But, foft! I see the Goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me! 20

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare! I buy a rope!
[*Exit DROMIO.*]

Eph. Ant. [*to ANG.*] A man is well holpe vp that trusts to
you:
I promised your prefence, and the Chaîne;
But neither Chaîne nor Goldsmith came to me! 24
Belike you thought our loue would last too long,
If it were 'chain'd' together, and therefore came not.

The Comedie of Errors.

Gold. (Sauing your merrie humor) here's the note,
 How much your Chaîne weighs, to the vtmost charect, 28
 The fineneffe of the Gold, and chargefull fashion ;
 Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
 Then I stand debted to this Gentleman :
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd, 32
 For he is bound to Sea, and staves but for it.
E. Anti. I am not furnith'd with the present monie ;
 Besides, I haue some businesse in the towne.
 Good Signior, take the stranger to my house, 36
 And with you take the Chaîne, and bid my wife
 Disburse the fumme on the receipt thereof :
 Perchance I will be there as soone as you. 39
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaîne to her your selfe ?
E. Anti. No ; beare it with you, leaft I come not time enough.
Gold. Well, sir, I will ! Haue you the Chaîne about you ?
E. Anti. And if I haue not, sir, I hope you haue ;
 Or else you may returne without your money. 44
Gold. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, giue me the Chaîne !
 Both winde and tide staves for this Gentleman ;
 And I, to blame, haue held him heere too long.
E. Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse 48
 Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine* !
 I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
 But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawle. [patch! 52
2 Mar. [to **ANG.**] The houre steales on ; I pray you, sir, dis-
Gold. You heare how he impórtunes me ! the Chaîne !
E. Anti. Why, giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony !
Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now !
 Either send the Chaîne, or send me by some token.¹ 56
E. Anti. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath !
 Come ! where's the Chaîne ? I pray you, let me see it.
2 Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance !
 [To **E. ANT.**] Good sir, say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no : 60
 If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
E. Anti. I 'answer' you ! What should I 'answer' you ? 62
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaîne.

47. *to*] too F.

¹ So F. Understand : 'that I | may prove my commission by some token.'

The Comedie of Errors.

- E. Ant.* I owe you none, till I receive the Chaîne. 64
Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.
E. Ant. You gaue me none! you wrong mee much to
 say so.
Gold. You wrong me more, fir, in denying it!
 Consider how it stands vpon my credit. 68
2 Mar. Well, Officer, arrest him at my fuite!
Offi. I do; [*to ANG.*] and charge you in the Dukes name to
 obey me!
Gold. This touches me in reputatiön.
 Either consent to pay this sum for me, 72
 Or I attach you by this Officer!
E. Ant. 'Consent to pay' thee that I neuer had!
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'ft!
Gold. [*to Officer*] Heere is thy fee; arrest him, Officer! 76
 ¶ I would not spare my brother in this case,
 If he should scorne me so apparantly.
Offi. [*to E. ANT.*] I do arrest you, fir: you heare the fuite.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile. 80
 ¶ But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere
 As all the mettall in your shop will answer!
Gold. Sir, fir, I shall haue Law in *Ephefus*,
 To your notorious shame, I doubt it not! 84

Enter DROMIO of Siracuse, from the Bay.

- S. Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
 That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
 And then, fir, she beares away. Our fraughtage, fir,
 I haue conuei'd aboard; and I haue bought 88
 The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and *Aquæ-vitæ*.
 The ship is in her trim; the merrie winde
 Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
 But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe. 92
E. An. How now! a Madinan! Why, thou peeuisish sheep,
 What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me?
S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hier waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken slaue! I sent thee for a rope; 96
 And told thee to what purpose, and what end!

95. *to, to*] too, to F.

The Comedie of Errors.

<i>S. Dro.</i> You fent me for a ropēs 'end' as foone' You fent me to the Bay, fir, for a Barke!	
<i>E. Ant.</i> I will debate this matter at more leifure, And teach your eares to lift me with more heede. To <i>Adriana</i> , Villaine! hie thee ftraight! Giue her this key, and tell her, 'in the Defke That's couer'd o're with <i>Turkifh</i> Tapiftrie, There is a purfe of Duckets; let her fend it:' Tell her, 'I am arrefted in the ftreete, And that fhall baile me:' hie thee, flauē! be gone! ¶ On, Officer, to prifon, till it come!	100 104 108
[<i>Exeunt. Manet S. DROMIO.</i>]	
<i>S. Dromio.</i> 'To <i>Adriana</i> !' that is where we din'd, Where <i>Dowfabell</i> did claime me for her husband: She is too bigge, I hope, for me to compaffe. Thither I muft, although againft my will, For feruants muft their Mafters mindes fulfill.	112 [<i>Exit.</i>]

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

The House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

<i>Adr.</i> Ah, <i>Luciana</i> ! did he tempt thee fo? Might'ft thou perceiue aufteerely in his eie, That he did plead in earneft? yea or no? Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily? What obferuation mad'ft thou in this cafe, Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face?	1 6
<i>Luc.</i> Firft, he deni'de you had in him no right.	
<i>Adr.</i> He meant, he did me none: the more my fpight!	8
<i>Luc.</i> Then fwore he that he was a ftranger heere.	
<i>Adr.</i> And true he fwore, though yet forfworne hee were!	10
<i>Luc.</i> Then pleaded I for you.	
<i>Adr.</i> And what faid he?	
<i>Luc.</i> That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.	12
<i>Adr.</i> With what perfwafion did he tempt thy loue?	
<i>Luc.</i> With words that in an honeft fuit might moue.	14

6. Of] Fz. Oh, F.

The Comedie of Errors.

First, he did praise my beautie ; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'ft speake him faire ?
Luc. Haue patience, I befeech ! 16
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still !
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will. 18
 He is deform'd, crooked, old, and fere,
 Ill-fac'd, worfe bodied, fhapeleffe euery where ; 20
 Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde ;
 Stigmaticall in making, worfe in minde ! 22
Luc. Who would be iealous, then, of fuch a one ?
 No euill loft is wail'd, when it is gone. 24
Adr. Ah, but I thinke him better then I say,
 And yet would (herein) others eies were worfe : 25
 Farre from her nest, the Lapwing cries, ' away !'
 My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse. 28

Enter S. DROMIO.

S. Dro. Here, goe ! the deske, the purse, sweet ! now, make haste !
Luc. How hast thou loft thy breath ?
S. Dro. By running fast. 30
Adr. Where is thy Master, *Dromio* ? Is he well ?
S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar limbo*, worfe then hell. 32
 A Diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him ;
 One whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele ;
 A Feind, a Fairie,¹ pittileffe and ruffe ;
 A Wolfe, nay, worfe, a fellow all in buffe ; 36
 A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
 The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands ; 38
 A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well ;
 One that, before the Iudgment, carries poore foules to hel. 40
Adr. Why, man ! what is the matter ?
S. Dro. I doe not know 'the matter' : hee is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What ! is he 'arrested' ? tell me at whose suite.
S. Dro. I know not at whose 'suite' he is arested, well ;

^{34.} *One*] F2. On F.
¹ So F. 'King James in his *Demonologie* adopts a fourfold classification of devils, one of which he names 'Phairie', and co-ordinates with the incubus.'—Spalding's *Elizabethan Demonology*, p. 126.

The Comedie of Errors.

But is¹ in a 'fuite' of buffe which 'rested him : that can I tell.
Will you send him, Miftris, redemption? the monie in his
deske? 46 [at,

Adr. Go fetch it, Sifter!—[*Exit LUCIANA.*] This I wonder
That he, vnknowne to me, should be in debt.

¶ Tell me, was he arested on a band? 49

S. Dro. Not 'on a band,' but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine! [*Clock strikes.*] Doe you not here it ring?

Adria. What, the 'chaine'?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell! 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one. 54

Adr. The houres come back! that did I neuer here.

S. Dro. Oh yes; if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes
backe for verie feare. 56

Adri. As if Time were in debt! how fondly do'ft thou
reason!

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he's worth to seafon. 58

Nay, he's a theefe too! haue you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60

If Time be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day? 62

Re-enter LUCIANA with a Purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio! there's the monie! beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately!

¶ Come, sifter, I am preft downe with conceit; 65
Conceit, my comfort, and my iniurie! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertla.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete, but doth salute me 1
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And euerie one doth call me by my name.

¹ But is = But he is.
48. *That*] Fz. Thus F.

61. *Time*] Rowe. I F.
66. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Some tender monie to me; some inuite me; 4
Some other giue me thanks for kindnesfes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy:
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his fhop,
And fhew'd me Silkes that he had bought for me, 8
And therewithall tooke meafure of my body.
Sure, thefe are but imaginarie wiles,
And *Lapland* Sorcerers inhabite here! 11

Enter DROMIO of Siracuse.

S. Dro. Mafter! here's the gold you fent me for! What!
haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd? 13

S. Ant. What 'gold' is this? What '*Adam*' do'ft thou
meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the *Paradife*, but that
Adam that keepes the prifon: hee that goes in the calues-fkin
that was kil'd for the Prodigall; hee that came behinde you,
fir, like an euill angel, and bid you forfake your libertie. 19

S. Ant. I vnderftand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plaine cafe: he that went, like
a Bafe-Viole, in a cafe of leather; the man, fir, that, when
gentlemen are tired, giues them a bob, and 'refts them; he,
fir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them fuites of
durance; he that 'fets vp his reft' to doe more exploits with
his Mace then a *Moris* Pike. 26

S. Ant. What, thou mean'ft an officer?

S. Dro. I, fir, the Serieant of the Band! he that brings
any man to anfwer it, that breakes his Band; one that thinkes
a man alwaies going to bed, and faies, 'God giue you good
reft!' 31

S. Ant. Well, fir, there 'reft' in your foolerie!

Is there any fhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, fir, I brought you word an houre fince, that
the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night; and then were you
hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the Hoy *Delay*. Here are
the angels, that you fent for, to deliuer you. 37

S. Ant. The fellow is diftraçt, and fo am I;

The Comedie of Errors.

And here we wander in illuſions :
Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence !

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholus* !
I ſee, fir, you haue found the Gold-ſmith now : 42
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day ?

S. Ant. *Sathan*, anoide ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

S. Dro. Maſter ! is this Miſtris *Sathan* ?

S. Ant. It is the diuell ! 46

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the diuels dam ; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench ! and thereof comes that the wenches ſay 'God dam me !' that's as much to ſay, 'God make me a light wench !' It is written, 'they appeare to men like angels of light :' light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne : *ergo*, light wenches will burne. Come not neere her !

Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie, fir ! 53
Will you goe with me ? wee'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon-meate ; ſo beſpeake a long ſpoone. 57

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio* ?

S. Dro. Marrie, 'he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the diuell.' 60

S. Ant. Anoid, then, fiend ! what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping ?

Thou art (as you are all) a forcereſſe :
I cóniure thee to leaue me, and be gon !

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my Diamond, the Chaine you promis'd, 65
And Ile be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels aſke but the parings of ones naile,
A ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherrie-ſtone ; 69
But ſhe, more couetous, wold haue a chaine.

Maſter, be wife ! and if you giue it her,
The diuell will ſhake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

56. *if you do, expect*] F2. if do expect F.

56. *so*] Capell. or F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Cur. I pray you, sir, my Ring, or else the Chaine! 73
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so!
S. Ant. Auant, thou witch! Come, *Dromio*, let vs go!
S. Dro. 'Flie pride! faies the Pea-cocke': Miftris, that
you know! [*Exeunt S. ANT. & S. DRO.* 76
Cur. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe.
A Ring he hath of mine, worth fortie Duckets,
And, for the same, he promis'd me a Chaine: 80
Both one and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, 84
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house, 88
And tell his wife that, being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose. [*Exit.* 92

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

A Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus with the Officer (a Iailor).

E. An. Feare me not, man! I will not break away: 1
He giue thee, ere I leaue thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day; 4
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

76. *Exeunt . . . Dro.*] *Exit.* F.

Enter . . . Iailor.] *Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.* F.

IV. iii. 73-92; iv. 1-7.]

The Comedie of Errors.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man! I thinke he brings the monie. 8

¶ How now, fir? Hauē you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all!

E. Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why, fir, I gaue 'the Monie' for the Rope. 12

E. Ant. Five hundred Duckets, villaine! for a 'rope'?

E. Dro. Ile ſerue you, fir, 'five hundred' at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? 15

E. Dro. To a ropes 'end', fir; and to that 'end' am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that 'end', fir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*

Offi. Good fir, be patient! 19

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be 'patient'; I am 'in aduerſitie.'

Offi. Good, now, hold thy tongue!

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.

E. Anti. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſſe Villaine! 23

E. Dro. I would I were 'ſenſeleſſe', fir, that I might not feele your blowes.

E. Anti. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blowes, and ſo is an Aſſe. 27

E. Dro. I am an 'Aſſe,' indeede! you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue ſerued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this inſtant, and haue nothing at his hands for my ſeruite but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating; when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleepe; rais'd with it when I ſit; driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home; welcom'd home with it when I returne: nay, I beare it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont¹ her brat; and, I thinke, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall begge with it from doore to doore. 38

E. Ant. Come, goe along! my wife is comming yonder.

18. *Beating him.*] Capell.

¹ *woont* = is wont to bear.

The Comedie of Errors.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtizan, and a Schoolemafter,
call'd PINCH.*

E. Dro. Mistris, *respice finem*, respect your end; or, rather,
the prophesie, like the Parrat, 'beware the ropes end!' 41

E. Anti. Wilt thou still talke? [Beats *DRO.*

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuiltie confirms no lesse. 44

¶ Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer;

Establish him in his true fence againe,

And I will please you, what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery, and how sharpe he looks! 48

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extase!

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse!

E. Anti. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare!

[Strikes him.]

Pinch. I charge thee, *Sathan*, hous'd within this man, 52

To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,

And, to thy state of darknesse, hie thee straight!

I coniuere thee by all the Saints in heauen!

E. Anti. Peace, doting wizard! peace! I am not mad! 56

Adri. Oh, that thou wer't not, poore distrested foule!

E. Anti. You Minion, you! are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Reuell and feast it at my house to day, 60

Whil'ft vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adri. O husband! God doth know you din'd at home;
Where, would you had remain'd vntill this time, 64

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Anti. 'Din'd at home!' ¶ Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not 'dine at home.'

E. Anti. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out? 68

E. Dro. *Perdie*, your 'doores were lockt, and you shut out.'

E. Anti. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans Fable*, 'she her selfe reuil'd you there.'

E. Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide, raile, taunt, and
scorne me? 72

Enter . . . Pinch.] So Dyce. F (after l. 38).

The Comedie of Errors.

E. Dro. Certes, she did! the kitchin vestfall scorn'd you.
E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence? 74
E. Dro. In veritie you did! ¶ My bones beares witnesse,
 That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to footh him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vaine, 78
 And, yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.
E. Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee!
Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
 By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it. 82
E. Dro. 'Monie', by me! Heart and good will, you might;
 ¶ But, surely, Master, not a ragge of Monie!
E. Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets?
Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it. 86
Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did.
E. Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
 That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [possest;
Pinch. [*aside to ADR.*] Mistris, both Man and Master is
 I know it by their pale and deadly lookes: 91
 They must be bound, and laide in some darke roome.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day?
 ¶ And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold? 94
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, 'locke thee forth.'
E. Dro. And, 'gentle' Master, I receiu'd no 'gold';
 But I confesse, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both! 98
E. Ant. Dissembling Harlot! thou art 'false' in all;
 And art confederate with a damn'd packe,
 To make a loathsome, abiect scorne of me:
 But, with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes, 102
 That would behold in me this shamefull sport!
 [Makes at ADRIANA.]

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him. Hee striues.

Adr. Oh, binde him, binde him! let him not come neere me!

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me, poore man, how pale and wan he looks! 106

3. Certes] Pope. Certis F.

77. contraries] contraries F.

The Comedie of Errors.

E. Ant. What! will you murder me? ¶ Thou lailor,
 thou!
 I am thy prifoner! Wilt thou fuffer them
 To make a refcuer?
Offi. Masters, let him go! 109
 He is my prifoner, and you fhall not haue him.
Pinch. [*pointing to E. Dro.*] Go binde this man, for he is
 franticke too. [*They binde Dro.*]
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer?
 Haft thou delight to ſee a wretched man 113
 Do outrage and difpleafure to himſelfe?
Offi. He is my prifoner! if I let him go,
 The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will difcharge thee ere I go from thee: 117
 Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
 And, knowing how the debt growes, I will pay it.
 ¶ Good Maſter Doctour, ſee him ſafe conuey'd
 Home to my houſe!—Oh moſt vnhappy day! 121
E. Ant. Oh moſt 'vnhappy' ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, Villaine! wherefore doſt thou mad
 mee?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing! be mad, good
 Maſter! cry, 'the diuel!' 126
Luc. God helpe poore ſoules! how idly doe they talke!
Adr. Go beare him hence! ¶ Siſter, go you with me!
 [*Exeunt. Manett Offic., ADRI., LUCI., & Courtizan.*]
 ¶ Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at? 129
Off. One *Angelo*, a Goldſmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the ſumme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due?
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him. 133
Adr. He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband, all in rage, to day
 Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,
 (The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now.) 137

111. *They . . . Dro.*] Camb. Edd. | Exeunt. Manet . . . Courtizan. F
 128. *Exeunt . . . Courtizan.*] (after line 129).
 IV. iv. 107-137.] 40

The Comedie of Errors.

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.

¶ Come, Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is!

I long to know the truth heereof at large. 141

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and DROMIO of Siracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loofe againe!

Adr. And come with naked fwords!

Let's call more helpe,

To haue them bound againe!

[*ADRIANA and LUCIANA runne out.*

Off. Away, they'l kill vs! 144

[*Exeunt Officer and Courtizan, as fast as may be, frighted.*

S. Ant. I see, these Witches are affraid of fwords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*; fetch our stufte from thence!

I long that we were safe and found aboard. 148

S. Dro. Faith, stay heere this night; they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that (but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me) I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch. 153

S. Ant. I will not stay to night, for all the Towne!
Therefore away, to get our stufte aboard. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

A Street before a Priorie.

Enter the Second Merchant, and ANGELO the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry, Sir, that I haue hindred you; 1

But, I protest, he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth denie it!

144. *Adriana . . . out.*] Runne | Exeunt omnes, . . . F.
all out. F. | A . . . *Priorie.*] Pope.

144. *Exeunt . . . Courtizan, . . .*] | 4-260. 2 *Mar.*] Mar. F.

The Comedie of Errors.

2 *Mar.* How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie? 4
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation, fir,
 Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
 Second to none that liues heere in the Citie :
 His word might beare my wealth at any time. 8
 2 *Mar.* Speake softly! yonder, as I thinke, he walkes.

Enter S. ANTIPHOLUS and S. DROMIO againe.

Gold. 'Tis so; and that selfe chaine about his necke,
 Which he forswore most monstrosly to haue!
 Good sir, draw neere to me, Ile speake to him! 12
 ¶ Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
 That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
 And, not without some scandall to your selfe,
 (With circumstance and oaths,) so to denie 16
 This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
 Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 You haue done wrong to this, my honest friend,
 Who, but for staying on our Controuerfie, 20
 Had hoisted faile, and put to sea to day :
 This Chaine you had of me: can you deny it?
S. Ant. I thinke I had; I neuer did deny it.
 2 *Mar.* Yes, that you did, fir, and forswore it too! 24
S. Ant. Who heard me to denie it, or forswere it?
 2 *Mar.* These eares of mine (thou knowst) did hear thee :
 Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pittie that thou liu'ist
 To walke where any honest men resort. 28
S. Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus!
 Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie,
 Against thee presently, if thou dar'ist stand!
 2 *Mar.* I dare, and do defie thee for a villaine! 32

They draw. Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God sake! he is mad!
 ¶ Some get within him, take his sword away!
 Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house!
S. Dro. Runne, master, run! for Gods sake, take a house!
 This is some Priorie. In, or we are spoyl'd! 37
 [*Exeunt S. ANT. and S. DRO. to the Priorie.*]

The Comedie of Errors.

Enter ÆMILIA the Ladie Abbeffe.

- Ab.* Be quiet, people! Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence. 40
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
2 Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man? 44
Adr. This weeke, he hath bene heaueie, fower, sad,
And, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoone, his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage. 48
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of fea?
Buried some deere friend? Hath not elfe his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue?
(A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men, 52
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.)
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home. 56
Ab. You should, for that, haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Ab. I, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Ab. Haply, in priuate.
Adr. And in assemblies too. 60
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed, he slept not for my vrging it;
At board, he fed not for my vrging it; 64
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame;
In company, I often glancèd it;
Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad: 68
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes, his sleepes were hindred by thy railing;

The Comedie of Errors.

And thereof comes it that his head is light.	72
Thou saist, his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings :	
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions :	
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred ;	
And what's a Feauer but a fit of madnesse ?	76
Thou sayest, his sports were hindred by thy bralles :	
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,	
But moodie and dull melancholly,	
(Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,)	80
And, at her heeles, a huge infectious troope	
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?	
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest,	
To be disturb'd, would mad, or man, or beast :	84
The consequence is, then, thy iealous fits	
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.	86
<i>Luc.</i> She neuer reprehended him but mildely,	
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly !	88
¶ Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not ?	
<i>Adri.</i> She did betray me to my owne reproofe.	
¶ Good people, enter, and lay hold on him !	
<i>Ab.</i> No, not a creature enters in my house !	92
<i>Ad.</i> Then, let your seruants bring my husband forth.	
<i>Ab.</i> Neither ! he tooke this place for sanctuary,	
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,	
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,	96
Or loose my labour in assaying it.	
<i>Adr.</i> I will attend my husband, be his nurse,	
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,	
And will haue no attorney but my selfe ;	100
And therefore let me haue him home with me.	
<i>Ab.</i> Be patient ; for I will not let him stirre,	
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,	
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers,	104
To make of him a formall man againe :	
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,	
A charitable dutie of my order.	
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me !	108
<i>Adr.</i> I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere :	
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse,	
To separate the husband and the wife.	111

The Comedie of Errors.

Ab. Be quiet, and depart! thou shalt not haue him! [*Exit.*
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity!
Adr. Come, go! I will fall prostrate at his feete,
 And neuer rise, vntill my teares and prayers
 Haue won his Grace to come in person hither, 116
 And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
2 Mar. By this, I thinke, the Dially points at fine:
 Anon, (I'me fure,) the Duke himselfe in person
 Comes this way to the melancholly vale, 120
 The place of death and forrie execution,
 Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cause?
2 Mar. To see a reuerent *Siracusan* Merchant, 124
 Who put vnluckily into this Bay,
 (Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne),
 Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come! we wil behold his death. 128
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey!

*Enter SOLINUS, the Duke of Ephesus, attended, and the
 Merchant of Siracuse barehead; with the Headfman, &
 other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
 If any friend will pay the summe for him,
 He shall not die; so much we tender him! 132
Adr. Iustice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbesse!
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady:
 It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong. 135
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
 (Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
 At your important Letters,) this ill day,
 A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him;
 That desp'rately he hurried through the streete, 140
 (With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
 Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like. 144
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

112. *Exit.*] Theobald.

121. *death*] Rowe. depth F.

The Comedie of Errors.

Whil'ft, to take order for the wrongs, I went,
 That heere and there his furie had committed. 148
 Anon, (I wot not by what frong eſcape,)
 He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him ;
 And, with his mad attendant and himſelfe,
 Each one with irefull paſſion, with drawne ſwords,
 Met vs againe, and, madly bent on vs, 152
 Chac'd vs away ; till, raiſing of more aide,
 We came againe to binde them. Then they fled
 Into this Abbey, whether we purfu'd them ;
 And heere the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on vs, 156
 And will not ſuffer vs to fetch him out,
 Nor fend him forth, that we may beare him hence.
 Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe! 160
Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſeru'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
 (When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy bed,)
 To do him all the grace and good I could. 164
 ¶ Go, ſome of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
 And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me !
 ¶ I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger to ADRIANA.

Mess. Oh, Miſtris, Miſtris ! ſhift and ſaue your ſelfe ! 168
 My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
 Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
 Whoſe beard they haue ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
 And euer, as it blaz'd, they threw on him 172
 Great pailles of puddled myre, to quench the haire :
 My *Maſter* preaches patience to him, and, the while,
 His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole ;
 And, ſure, (vneſſe you fend ſome preſent helpe,) 176
 Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace, foole ! thy Maſter and his man are here,
 And that is falſe thou doſt report to vs.

Meſſ. Miſtris, vpon my life, I tel you true ! 180
 I haue not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
 To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you. [*Cry within.*

The Comedie of Errors.

Harke, harke! I heare him! Miftris, flie, be gone! 184
Duke. Come, stand by me; feare nothing! ¶ Guard with Halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witneffe you,
 That he is borne about inuifible!
 Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere; 188
 And now he's there, paff thought of humane reason!

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iuftice, moft gracious Duke! oh, grant me iuftice!
 Euen for the feruice that long fince I did thee,
 When I befrid thee in the warres, and tooke 192
 Deepe fcarres to faue thy life; euen for the blood
 That then I loft for thee, now grant me iuftice!

Ege. [*afide*] Vnleffe the feare of death doth make me dote,
 I fee my fonne *Antipholus*, and *Dromio*. 196

E. Ant. Iuftice (fwet Prince) againft that Woman there!
 She whom thou gau'ft to me to be my wife;
 That hath abufed and difhonored me,
 Euen in the ftrengh and height of iniurie! 200
 Beyond imagination, is the wrong
 That fhe this day hath fhameleffe throwne on me.

Duke. Difcouer how; and thou fhalt finde me iuft. [me,

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) fhe shut the doores vpon
 While fhe with Harlots feasted in my houfe. 205

Duke. A greenuo fault. ¶ Say, woman, didft thou fo?

Adr. No, my good Lord! My felfe, he, and my fifter,
 To day did dine together. So befall my foule, 208
 As this is falfe, he burthens me withall!

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
 But fhe tels to your Highneffe fimple truth!

Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forfworne! 212
 In this, the Madman iuftly chargerth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduifed what I fay;
 Neither difturbd with the effect of Wine,

189. *Dromio*] E. *Dromio* F. | 306 *Fath.*; 296 *Father*; 302 *Fat.*
 195-345. *Ege.*] Mar. *Fat.* (283, F.
 298, 303, 319, 345 *Fa.*; 287, 292,

The Comedie of Errors.

Nor headie-rash, prouoak'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser, mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :	216
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witnesse it, for he was with me then ;	220
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine, Promising to bring it to the <i>Porpentine</i> , Where <i>Balthasar</i> and I did dine together.	
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither, I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,	224
And, in his companie, that Gentleman. [<i>Points to 2 Mar.</i> There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,	
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine, Which, God he knowes, I saw not! For the which,	228
He did arrest me with an Officer. I did obey ; and sent my Pefant home For certaine Duckets : he with none return'd.	232
Then fairely I befpoke the Officer To go in perfon with me to my house. By'th'way, we met	
My wife, her sifter, and a rabble more Of vilde Confederates. Along with them	236
They brought one <i>Pinch</i> , a hungry, leane-fac'd Villaine ; A meere Anatomie ; a Mountebanke ; A thred-bare Ingler, and a Fortune-teller ;	240
A needy-hollow-ey'd-fharpe-looking-wretch ; A liuing-dead-man ! This pernicious flauē, Forfooth, tooke on him as a Coniurer ;	
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And, with no-face, (as 'twere,) out-facing me, Cries out, 'I was possest!' Then altogether	244
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence, And, in a darke and dankish vault at home,	248
There left me and my man, both bound together ; Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder, I gain'd my freedome ; and immediately Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech	252
To giue me ample satisfactiōn	

235, 236. One line in F.

The Comedie of Errors.

For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out. 256

Duke. But had he such a Chaîne of thee, or no?

Gold. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaîne about his necke.

2 Mar. Besides, (I will be fworne,) these eares of mine, 260
Heard you confesse you had the Chaîne of him,

After you first forswore it on the Mart;
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this Abbey heere, 264
From whence, I thinke, you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me!
I neuer saw the Chaîne, so helpe me heauen!
And this is false, you burthen me withall! 268

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup.
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin; 272
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

[*To ADR. & LUC.*] You say he din'd at home; the Goldsmith
heere

Denies that saying. ¶ Sirra, what say you? 275

E. Dro. Sir, he din'de with her there, at the *Porpentine*.

Cur. He did; and from my finger snacht that Ring.

E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace. 280

Duke. Why, this is fraunge! ¶ Go call the Abbesse hither!
¶ I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Ege. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word!
Haply I see a friend will saue my life, 284
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Duke. Speake freely, *Siracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman, *Dromio*? 288

E. Dro. Within this houre, I was his 'bondman,' sir,
But he (I thanke him) gnaw'd in two my cords:

The Comedie of Errors.

Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
Ege. I am fure, you both of you remember me. 292
E. Dro. Our felues we do remember, fir, by you;
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not *Pinches* patient, are you, fir? 295
Ege. Why looke you frange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I neuer faw you in my life till now.
Ege. Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me fince you faw me laft,
 And carefull houres, with times deform'd hand,
 Haue written frange defeatures in my face! 300
 But tell me yet, doft thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ege. *Dromio*, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truft me, fir, nor I!
Ege. I am fure thou doft! 303
E. Dromio. I, fir, but I am fure I do not! and whatfoeuer
 a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.
Ege. Not know my voice! Oh times extremity,
 Haft thou fo crack'd and splitted my poore tongue, 307
 In feuen fhort yeares, that heere my onely fonne
 Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
 Though now this grain'd face of mine be hid
 In fap-confuming Winters drizled fnow, 311
 And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp,
 Yet hath my night of life fome memorie;
 My wafting lampes fome fading glimmer left;
 My dull deafe eares a little vfe to heare: 315
 All thefe old witneffes (I cannot erre)
 Tell me, thou art my fonne *Antipholus*.
E. Ant. I neuer faw my Father in my life.
Ege. But feuen yeares fince, in *Siracufa*, boy, 319
 Thou know'ft we parted: but, perhaps, my fonne,
 Thou sham'ft to acknowledge me in miferie.
E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
 Can witneffe with me that it is not fo: 323
 I ne're faw *Siracufa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, *Siracufian*, twentie yeares
 Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,

306. *extremity*] e tremity F.

The Comedie of Errors.

During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa* : 327
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbesse, ÆMILIA, with ANTIPHOLUS of Siracusa,
and DROMIO of Siracuse.*

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd!

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me!

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other : 331
And fo, of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who decipheres them?

S. Dromio. I, Sir, am *Dromio*! command him away!

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*! pray, let me stay! 335

S. Ant. *Egeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh, my olde Master! who hath bound him heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie. 339

¶ Speake, old *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes!

Oh, if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake, 343
And speake vnto the same *Æmilia*!

Ege. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*!

If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall raffe? 347

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But, by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*,
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them, 351

And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. Why, heere begins his [*Points to EGE.*] Morning
storie right: 355

These [*Points to E. ANT. & S. ANT.*] two *Antipholus*, these
two fo like;

355-360. In F these lines follow l. 344. Capell placed them after
l. 354.

The Comedie of Errors.

And these [*Points to E. DRO. & S. DRO.*] two *Dromio's*,¹ one
in semblance,
(Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea.)
These are the parents to these children. 359
Which accidentally are met together.
¶ *Antipholus*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first?
S. Ant. No, fir, not I! I came from *Siracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which. 363
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord . . .
E. Dro. And I with him!
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renown'd Vnckle. 367
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Miftris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No! I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I! yet did she call me so: 371
And this faire Gentlewoman, her sifter heere,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leifure to make good;
If this be not a dreame I see and heere. 375
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine, fir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be, fir; I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you, fir, for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did, fir; I deny it not. 379
Adr. I sent you monie, fir, to be your baile
By *Dromio*; but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me!
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you, 383
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these *ERRORS* are arose! 387
E. Ant. These Duckets, pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede; thy father hath his life.

¹ So F. The apostrophe marks | syllable.
an elided *e.* 359. *childeren*] children F.
357. *semblance* is here a tri- | 361. *Duke.* prefixed in F.
v. i. 357-389.] 52

The Comedie of Errors.

Cur. Sir, I must haue that Diamond from you!
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheere! 391
Abb. Renownëd Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discourfëd all our fortunes :
¶ And all that are affembled in this place, 395
That, by this simpathizëd one daies Error,
Haue suffer'd wrong, goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfactiön.
¶ Thirtie three¹ yeares haue I but gone in trauaile 399
Of you, my sonnes; and, till this present houre,
My heauie burthen nere deliuerëd.
¶ The Duke, ¶ my husband, ¶ and my children both,
¶ And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity, 403
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee!
After so long greefe, such Natiuitie!
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast! 406
[*Exeunt. Manent the two DROMIO's and the two
Brothers ANTIPHOLUS.*
S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stufte from shipbord?
E. An. Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbarkt?
S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the *Centaur.*
S. Ant. He speakes to me. ¶ I am your master, *Dromio.*
Come, go with vs; wee'l looke to that anon : 411
Embrace thy brother there; reioyce with him.
[*Exeunt. Manent S. DRO. and E. DRO.*
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner :
She now shall be my sifter, not my wife. 415
E. D. Me thinks you are my glaffe, & not my brother :
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walke in to see their gossiping?
[*Motions S. DRO. forward.*
S. Dro. Not I, sir! you are my elder. 419

¹ Twenty-five years. Cp. I. i. 125 and V. i. 309, 320.
401. *burthen nere*] Dyce. bur-
then are F.
405. *Exeunt . . . Antipholus.* | *Exeunt omnes. Manet the two
Dromio's (see note on l. 358) and
two Brothers. F.*
412. *Exeunt . . . Dro.*] Exit. F.

NOTES.

- p. 9, II. i. 12. F2 *ill* preserves the sequence of couplets, but, as sense can be made of F *thus*, we retain the latter reading, as we do *ruinate* (ruinous Theobald conj.) at III. ii. 4, p. 23. *and stamps*. This addition to our stage-direction may be justified whether we regard it as a truthful mimicry of Antipholus, or as an exaggeration into which Adriana's warmth of temper had betrayed her.
- pp. 11, 12, II. i. 109-113. *Weare* is a necessary emendation of the F *Where*. I thus explain ll. 109-113. The 'Iewell best enamaléd' is Antipholus's honour, which, Adriana fears, he is in danger of losing. This misgiving is checked for a moment by the reflection that the sterling worth of Antipholus's character (in l. 110 spoken of as 'the gold') may be sullied by defiling contact, but cannot be wasted. The main current of her thought is resumed in ll. 111, 112. Yet, she remembers, gold is worn away by passing through many hands; so is a man's moral nature depraved by habitual sin. She ends (ll. 112, 113) by asserting that self-respect should keep a man from sacrificing his good name. I have marked the subordinate thought, 'yet the gold bides still That others touch,' as a parenthesis, in order to avoid altering the F '*and often touching*' to '*but often touching*'¹; which latter reading the disconnected sense of ll. 111, 112 would otherwise require.—W. G. S.
- p. 15, II. ii. 101. *in no time*. no time F2. Perhaps, as Mr. Crosby supposes, Dro. S. 'quibbles on *no time* to do a thing and the idiom "in no time" = in an instant.'
- p. 16, II. ii. 145. *I liue vnstain'd, thou vndishonoured*. Theobald printed *dis-stain'd*, giving the *dis-* 'a privative force.' *Distain* = stain in the three other unquestioned examples of its use by Shakspeare. Heath proposed: *I liue distained, thou dishonoured*. But ll. 138-144 preceding show that Adriana threatens her husband with reprisals which will dishonour him as well as her, if he should continue to be faithless, and therefore we require the conditional negative meaning for both verbs. Heath paraphrases his emendation thus: 'As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained:' a climax too tame for Adriana, and at variance with the context.
- p. 17, II. ii. 185. The spelling *offred*—nearer the F *freéd* than Capell's *offer'd*—occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*, II. i. 373. *Feéd* B. Nicholson conj.; a reading which is nearest the F. He understands that S. Ant. was *feéd* to entertain the magical fallacy by the

¹ Dr. Furnivall would still alter this 'and' to 'yet' or 'but', but gives way in the text to me.—W. G. S.

Notes.

- prospect of a good dinner ; and, especially, of Luciana's presence thereat. But the whole of S. Ant.'s speech refers to Adriana.
- p. 27, III. ii. 164. *What please your selfe* is an elliptical phrase, meaning : 'What *it shall* please yourself to do with it.'
- p. 32, IV. ii. 40. *before the Judgment*. 'Capias, Is a Writ of two Sorts, one before Judgment, called *Capias ad respondendum*, in an Action Personal, where the Sheriff upon the first Writ of Distress in Personal Actions returns *Nihil habet in balliva nostra*,' &c.—Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, 1727, s. v. 'Capias.' *hel*. A dungeon in a prison. 'In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's hell.'—*The Counter-Rat*, 1658. . . . 'a little darke room . . . hard by *Hell* [where crown debtors were confined], neare to the upper end of Westminster Hall.'—*The Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*.
- p. 33, IV. ii. 48. Miss Teena Rochfort-Smith would retain F *Thus* ; punctuating accordingly.
- p. 34, IV. iii. 13. *got F. not Anon. conj. got rid of Theobald*. If the text be right, we must suppose that Dro. S., missing the jailor, asks if he has been disguised in new apparel, in place of the buff leather suit which made Dromio call him—with reference to *Gen.* iii. 21—'the picture of old Adam.' We find the epithet 'leathern Adam' in *Edward III.*, 1599, II. ii. And so Stubbes : 'Did the Lord cloth our first parents in leather, as not hauing any thing more precieuse to attyre them withall,' &c.—*Anatomic of Abuses*, Pt. I., 1583, New Sh. Soc. ed., p. 37.
- p. 35, IV. iii. 56. *expect spoon-meate* ; so *bespeake a long spoone. and bespeake a long spoone* B. Nicholson conj. *except spoon-meate* ; or *bespeake a long spoone* P. A. Daniel conj.
- p. 37, IV. iv. 20. Dromio quotes *Psalm xciv.* 13 (Prayer-Book version) ; perhaps in combination with *Rom.* xii. 12.
- p. 47, V. i. 212, 213. Miss Teena Rochfort-Smith would make this an aside. We believe that Antipholus was too much engrossed with the recital of his wrongs to notice Angelo's evidence in his favour.
- p. 52, V. i. 359. For the contemporary form *childeren* cp. Chapman's *Iliad*, ed. Hooper, bk. vi. l. 216. 'Yet had he one surviv'd to him, of those three *childeren*,' &c.
- p. 54, V. i. 421. *Signior* = senior. For parallel spellings see *Loues Labor's Lost*, III. i. 161. And cp. *signorie* = seniority, in *Rich. III.* IV. iv. 36, 41. *signeurie* F.

